

NOTES OF TRAVEL
THROUGH THE
TERRITORY OF ARIZONA;
BEING
AN ACCOUNT OF THE TRIP
MADE BY
GENERAL GEORGE STONEMAN AND OTHERS
IN THE
AUTUMN OF 1870.

By J. H. MARION.

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TRAVELS THROUGH ARIZONA.

INTRODUCTION.

When the following narrative first appeared, in weekly instalments, in the *MINER*, the writer had little hope that it would please anybody, or that it could be of service to Arizona, but having recently received orders for numbers of the *MINER* containing it, and being unable to furnish them, we have, at the request of personal friends and well-wishers of Arizona, printed a sufficient number of copies to meet all demands, and having done so, we hope to be pardoned for expressing the wish that our crude pamphlet will meet with ready sale, and be of some service to Arizona and her people:

THE PARTY

Consisted of Colonel George Stoneman, Military Commander of the Department of Arizona; Major M. Cogswell, 21st Infantry, Inspector; Surgeon H. R. Wirtz, U. S. A., Medical Director; Geo. H. Kimball, of Camp Date Creek, three servants, one cook, twelve enlisted men of M Troop, 3d Cavalry, four teamsters, and our humble self, making in all, twenty-five men. We had two ambulances, each of which was drawn by four stout, active mules. Each wagon was drawn by six mules.

THE START

Was made from Fort Whipple about eleven o'clock in the forenoon of Monday, August 29, 1870, and though the friends we left behind had some serious misgivings about our making the trip, and escaping the shafts and bullets of hostile Indians, no such misgivings rested in our breasts. Indeed, we thought ourselves numerous enough, and brave enough, too, to take care of ourselves and animals, and yet, all realized the fact that it was a dangerous undertaking. But, thank God, we got through safely, with but few accidents, and no visible peril to life.

The day was a fine one in every respect—a true type of those beautiful summer days of ours, and as we turned to look at picturesque Whipple, neat and cozy Prescott, and the dark, rounded, Sierra Prieta range of

mountains, we could not but realize the fact that we were fast traveling from home and friends into a strange, mysterious country, peopled with savages, the most treacherous on the continent. Nevertheless, we did not regret the fact. Indeed it rather pleased us to know that we were on the road, bounding along over grassy plains—free as the breeze which swept over them. We had not gone far on our journey when accident No. 1 occurred, and we were stopped in our course. A sand-board of a wagon broke; the wagon was unloaded, an axe and a piece of wood were procured, and the work of repairing damages was commenced by Col. Stoneman, who, with his own hands, fixed the thing in short order, and we were about ready to start when it was discovered that a mule which one of the men rode was lacking in strength and spirit, and could not possibly make the trip. Rider and mule were sent back to Whipple. The rider carried a note to Capt. Foster, requesting that gentleman to give him another and better mule; also, to send us some hard timber for sand-boards, etc. It was about dark when we encamped below the ranches in Chino Valley, but not too late for us to start on a foraging expedition. We first went to the house of Jas. Baker, where we procured two canteens of milk, which we carried to the mess and delivered to that greatest of caterers, Dr. Wirtz. Having received an invitation from George Banghart to pass the night under his hospitable roof, we bade good night to our fellow-voyagers, and started for Mr. Banghart's, where we were kindly treated and entertained by that gentleman and his estimable wife. During the night, Capt. Foster and one or two mechanics came up, with material and tools, and fixed our demoralized wagon. As we did not get a very early start, our party had a good chance to look around the valley—to admire the fine corn, etc., the beautiful young cottonwood trees that grew around the fields, and those immense springs of pure, cold water, from which issue sufficient water to irrigate thousands of acres and supply a large city. The verdict of the officers was that Chino Valley was the prettiest agricultural settlement they had seen in the Territory. Distance traveled, first day, about twenty miles.

Tuesday, August 30.—After bidding adieu to friends, we started from the last settlement we were destined to see for hundreds of miles, and wended our way northward towards the San Francisco and Bill Williams Mountains. For the first few miles the road remained good and smooth, but after that, we struck into a trap country, and terrific were the joltings we received, as the wagons pitched and heaved over large, hard-headed and hard-hearted boulders—known to some folk as “nigger-heads.” We soon reached that venerable, terrible old box in the earth, known as “Hell Cañon,” and in going down its southern side, met with accident No. 2, *i. e.*, the upsetting of a wagon, which, luckily, caused no serious trouble, and broke nothing. After passing this fearful *Thasm*, we drove about one mile and encamped in a beautiful grassy spot, surrounded by juniper trees, near some water tanks, around which were bones of horses, mules and oxen, which Lo, the poor Indian had stolen and eaten. The country passed over to-day is admirably adapted to stock raising, grass being abundant, and water plenty in tanks in the cañons. We had a splendid view of the country to the East and West, saw the great and productive Chino Valley, stretching away to the West; likewise the fine large valley that stretches away to the Verde river, and which, with its thick, rich coating of green grass, its groves of juniper and cedars, pleased the eye, and filled the mind with visions of flocks and herds, which, ere long, are destined to feed upon it. The surface of the ground in this vicinity is covered with trap boulders and debris, and it is a very unpleasant region to ride over in wagons. Distance traveled, about *twelve miles*.

Wednesday, August 31.—Our road, to-day, wound through “the Cedars,” which are of good size, and cover the entire face of the country. As trap continued to be “the formation,” the reader may well believe we had a rough road, over which it was impossible to make good time. To-day, another sand-board gave way, and, as usual, was repaired by Col. Stoneman. While traveling along, a band of deer was seen scampering over the hills. Grass was plenty on some portions of the day’s drive, and scarce on others. We arrived at Bear Springs, in the pine timber, about five o’clock, after a tiresome journey. The water from these springs runs south towards the Verde, and is plenty and good. Distance traveled, fully *eighteen miles*.

Thursday, Sept. 1.—The camp was aroused long before daylight, everything got in readiness, and we started just as the sun peered over the great mountain range to the east of us. The road to-day was through mountains, which were covered with nutritious grasses, and a very heavy growth of large pine trees. Clover was plenty in the small valleys; water was found in tanks, and the day’s journey would have been a delightful one but for the

rocky nature of the greater portion of the country passed over. We reached Leroux Springs and valley early in the afternoon, when the Colonel, with his usual precaution and foresight, selected a good and safe camp. The water at this point was good and plenty, as were also, the grass and pine timber, and we are very sure that, for boldness, grandeur and impressiveness, the scenery is equal to that of any other portion of the continent. In front and westward of our camp lay an immense valley, hemmed in by pine-clad hills, and sentineled, as it were, by lofty peaks, the highest and most prominent of which were the three bald, wedge-shaped ones known as the San Francisco Mountains. Bill Williams Mountain, southwest from camp, was barely visible, and presented a very rugged appearance. Distance made, about *twenty miles*.

Friday, September 2.—Got an early start, as usual. Traveled across Leroux valley, in which we found plenty of excellent water, and an immense hole in the ground—an extinct crater—which, no doubt, in times past, vomited forth huge streams of molten lava. After leaving the valley, our route led around the western base of the San Francisco Mountain, through the largest, straightest kind of pine timber. It was late in the afternoon when we arrived at Antelope Springs, on the northeast side of San Francisco Mountain, and encamped, near an old abandoned stage station, not far from the great mountain, which is said to be 12,000 feet in height. Our camp being a mile or more from the springs, we had some difficulty in finding water, but got enough for all purposes in a ravine near camp. For a high mountain country—the highest in Arizona—water was scarce, and the grass quite dry, proving conclusively that but little rain had fallen on the northern side of the mountain the past summer. The nights were exceedingly cool, days very pleasant. Road, to-day, pretty good. Formation, trap. Distance traveled, *twenty-four miles*.

Saturday, September 3.—This day’s march brought to view some peculiar sights. We had become tired of gazing at huge mountains and pine trees, and felt relieved when, after traveling some eight or ten miles, cedar and juniper took the place of the pine, and the country to the north and east opened to our view, displaying jagged peaks and points, round, detached mountains, in which holes or depressions were observed, and which were formerly active volcanos. One of these—the most perfect type of extinct volcano on the continent, was sketched by Dr. Wirtz, and the sketch, with others, will shortly be transferred to the pages of some leading magazine.

It may be guessed, from the foregoing, that the country passed over on this day’s march was covered with lava, yet grass of good quality was plenty, and an abundance of pure water was found in tanks at Cosnino

Caves. These caves are large and numerous, and were, no doubt, once inhabited by the Cosnino Indians, who still visit them. The tanks, containing the water, are immense holes in the bed-rock of a large, dry stream, and are somewhat difficult of approach, being guarded by the high, rocky sides and falls of the creek. Various patches of this section of Arizona are covered with black, volcanic sand.

After watering our animals and filling our vessels with that best—most necessary of all liquids—water, we drove on over a poor country, and arrived early in the afternoon at the old stage station on Cañon Diablo, where we found a little water in round holes in the solid trap rock that formed the bed of the cañon. These holes, which had been formed by the action of water turning pebbles and boulders—making them spin around—were from one to four feet deep, and about one foot in diameter at their tops, while the bottoms were quite small. We found here good grass, and gave the animals the benefit of it. Distance made, about *twenty-eight miles*.

Sunday, September 4.—This was our first Sunday in the wilderness, that is, on the present journey, and the day was spent in traveling over a bad road and poor country. The fact is, this section of Arizona is not of much account, and we longed to get over it. So we traveled as fast as the nature of the country would admit, and late in the afternoon, encamped on the banks of the Little Colorado, or as some call it, Flax River, which gets its principal supply of water from the northern sides of the Mogollon and Sierra Blanco ranges of mountains. Before reaching the river, we passed through a low range of sand hills, the material of which had been hardened by exposure, etc., and curious were the shapes into which the sides of the hills had been *carved* by the action of the rain. Series and groups of large and small cellules met the eye in every direction, and with the curious shapes of the deep red rocks presented a picture the like of which is not often seen. Here, indeed, nature has labored with curious, unique effect. While going through these rocks—tracks of Indians were discovered. Previous to reaching them, we passed over a country covered with flat, volcanic stone, in passing over which the sound made by the vehicles led one to imagine that there were caverns underneath. Near the river, we came across a slough, containing some water, and a great deal of mud. We passed over it in safety, after some difficulty, and were, for the first time, in the valley of the Little Colorado, within sight of the timber on its banks, and eager to get a look at the stream itself, but our curiosity was not satisfied until we had gone several miles, for the water runs through a cañon which had to be headed before the river became accessible. After a march of about *thirty miles*, the road

turned straight to the river, and stopped on its banks, when all got a sight at and a drink of the water, which proved to be better than we had expected. In fact, it contained nothing deleterious except a little alkali, which only had the effect of making us drink the more. The stream is not by any means a large one on the surface, but its bed being of quick sand, it was easy for us to perceive that here, at least, fully as much water as was running upon the surface, was invisible below, in the mud and sand.

Monday, September 5.—Traveled up west side of Little Colorado, a great part of the way over barren, alkaline flats. About noon, accident No. 4 occurred, which was the heating of a spindle belonging to the Colonel's ambulance. Luckily, we were not far from the river when the wheel refused to turn, and Colonel Stoneman was not long in rigging a purchase which enabled us to get the ambulance to Sunset Crossing, where a huge fire was kindled, the spindle heated and made as good as new. While this work was going on the ford was tried, and found passable. A note from Lieutenant Upham, 3d Cavalry, who had come down from Camp Mogollon to meet the party, was found. It stated that the Lieutenant and his men were about out of rations and could not wait for the party. This was discouraging, and the Colonel sent a Sergeant and one man to overhaul the Lieutenant. After crossing the river, our party traveled through some fine valleys—over which the river, when on a bender, had swept. Grass was plenty. We passed, on road, a small, dirty stream of water, running from the east which must be Navajo Creek. We made, to-day, about *thirty miles*.

Tuesday, September 6.—Followed up river to Leroux crossing, where we came up with the men who had been sent to overhaul Lieutenant Upham and party, but who did not do so, the Lieutenant having broke camp before their arrival. This was discouraging news. We had now to leave the river, and traverse a mountainous country without road or guide, and all through a mistake, if not a blunder, on the part of those who were ordered to wait at this point for the Colonel. But we will do as did the Colonel, pass it over, and as we are about to enter a new and very different region of country from that which we have traversed, we will go back on the route and "bring up" some matters of importance to the reader. As the new road now being built from Camp Verde will cross the river near this point, it may not be out of place to compare the two routes and the regions through which they pass. We had now traveled about 212 miles, mostly through a mountainous country, which we did not find very well supplied with water, but in which, at most seasons, there is *too much water*. Of course, wells might be sunk, and water found at almost any point, but that would not

make a good all the year route of it, for the snows of winter would be a bar thereto, and it would cost thousands of dollars to make a good wagon-road over the great extent of country from which the trap bowlders would have to be removed. On the contrary, the new route, is in a measure free from trap, is better watered, well grassed and crosses the Mogollon chain of mountains far below the altitude at which the old route crosses the San Francisco Mountains. Besides, it is nearly *one hundred miles* shorter, the distance from Prescott to the crossing of the Little Colorado, by this route, being about 120 miles, against 212, the length of the old route. As work upon this new route is now being pushed to completion, we can soon congratulate ourselves upon having a practicable wagon-road connecting us with Santa Fe, New Mexico, distance 420 miles, or 100 miles less than the old, rocky, sky-scraping San Francisco route. This new route was found and located by Capt. Hawley, 3d Cavalry, as was also the route to Camp Mogollon (now Camp Thomas) which leaves the river at this point. Distance made, about *thirty miles*.

Wednesday, September 7.—Crossed to west side of the river, about noon; followed level, grassy plain for about *sixteen miles*, when we encamped late at night, without water. Formation sand-stone and trap.

Thursday, September 8.—Started about daylight, and traveled through sand-stone country, covered with good grass and juniper trees. Encamped late in the afternoon in a large, beautiful valley at the head of the Cañon of Chevelon's Fork of the Little Colorado, after a march of about *twenty miles*, six or eight of which we might have saved, had we not followed tracks made by Lieut. Upham's party.

Chevelon's Fork—the stream upon which we camped, is a large, bold, dashing mountain stream, running about 1,000 inches of water, in which sport numberless fish, resembling mountain trout. Upon it are large, fine valleys, and the grazing for miles on either side is excellent. Our camp was about eighteen miles from the Little Colorado, and from it to that river, the water of Chevelon's Fork passes through a rough-looking cañon in sand stone hills. The weather, during the night, was cool, ice having formed upon some water, in a large tin pan. Timber was abundant in the hills.

Friday, September 9.—Crossed to east side of Chevelon's Fork, and wended our way over rough bowlders, through pine and cedar, sometimes close to the stream; sometimes one and two miles away from it. Passed on the road many fine springs, and after traveling about *eighteen miles*, encamped in a delightful country, at a point where the waters of the river boil up, after having ran for some distance under the trap, from the mountains above. These springs are the largest ever

seen by us. The water is delicious; the country adjacent magnificent, therefore, it cannot long remain unsettled.

Saturday, September 10.—This day's journey south, was a hard one for the animals. We made *twenty-seven miles*, over a rough, rocky country, mostly through tall pine timber, and shortly after crossing the divide of the great Mogollon range of mountains, encamped on the headwaters of the North Fork of White Mountain river, in a delightful mountain region. While crossing the summit of the Mogollon, we had a fine view of the country, and a glorious country it was. Northwest and southeast, far as the eye was able to reach, there appeared one interminable forest of pine, oak and cedar, with here and there tall peaks. Southward, for miles, the same view was presented; northward, the view was not as pleasing. But little timber was visible, and the only objects that attracted the attention or pleased the eye, were the jagged, fanciful peaks and hills away in the country of the Moquis. We climbed a hill near camp, and got a fine view of the White Mountain peaks, the second highest in Arizona. Formation sand-stone and trap, mostly the latter.

Sunday, September 11.—Traveled south, through a fine forest, in which were springs, small lakes, and beautiful meadows. Formation, red sand-stone and trap. Reached Camp Mogollon after a ride of *seventeen miles*, and were highly pleased at seeing white men and women once again. On our way down, we passed a log corral, which the writer of this helped build, in the fall of '86, while "hunting for gold," which was not found. Distance, from the Little Colorado, by the tortuous route we had traveled, about 98 miles, which, when added to the 212 miles from Prescott to the last crossing of the river, makes the entire distance traveled in fourteen days, 310 miles, or a little over 22 miles a day. This, too, with heavily laden wagons and ambulances, over the roughest country on the continent, and with animals which, since leaving Chino Valley, had not seen a kernel of grain. Yet, thanks to the good grass on the entire route, our mules arrived at Mogollon in almost as good condition as when they were given to us at Fort Whipple by that honest, capable Quartermaster, Capt. C. W. Foster.

CAMP MOGOLLON, (NOW CAMP THOMAS) is pleasantly situated on the southern side of a large stream, known as the east fork of White Mountain River. This fork rises in the White or Sierra Blanca Mountains, which are in plain view of the post, to the north. The north fork rises in the Mogollon range, but gets considerable water from the Sierra Blanca. Both streams unite a short distance below the post, and form the White Mountain river, which flows westwardly into the Prieta, or Salt River. All these streams are well stocked with trout. The country on every

side of the post is heavily timbered, and grass is plenty. Bear, elk, deer, antelope, turkey, Indians, and other wild game, are numerous. The climate is similar to that of Prescott, and altogether, it is a paradise of a place, as is the entire country on every side of it. Officers and men were living in tents, and the only houses that had been erected were those used by the Quartermaster and Post Trader. The latter gentleman had a fine house nearly completed, for a store and lager-beer brewery, and was brewing the first lager ever brewed in that region, when we arrived. The post was garrisoned by three small companies, I, and M, 1st Cavalry, and B, of the 21st Infantry. Major John Green, 1st Cav., was in command, and from what we saw and learned we have no hesitancy in pronouncing him an able, dignified officer. His services against the Indians are well known to our people. The other officers of the post were, Captains J. C. Hunt, John Barry, and H. E. Smith; Lieutenants, M. Harris, Acting Quartermaster and Commissary, F. K. Upham, and Dr. J. C. Handy, all first-rate, stirring officers.

THE INDIANS.

Had not changed much since last we saw them, in 1860, but we missed some familiar faces, and as the members of the tribe present could give no straight account of their whereabouts, the conclusion forced itself upon us that they had fallen while raiding upon the whites. The supposition was current that all the Indians around the post were Coyotero Apaches, which might be correct. We circulated about the post considerably during the evening of our first day there, and gleaned some facts regarding our red brethren and the country, the relation of which may prove interesting to our readers: First, then, our informants, who appeared to be pretty well posted, assured us that the Coyotero band or tribe numbered nearly six thousand souls, 1,500 of whom might be classed as warriors, but we think this an over-estimate. They have four principal chiefs; Eskelthesala, whose chieftaincy came down to him from his ancestors, Pedro, Miguel, and Chiquita Capitan. Miguel has but one eye, but manages to see clearer with that than do any of his brother chiefs with their two eyes. In a word, he is by far the shrewdest, ablest Indian of the tribe. The Coyoterose profess to be at peace with the whites, but those who know them best, look upon this profession as a good joke. Eskelthesala and his followers have for years been friendly to us, not for any love they have for us, but from motives of policy, and no truer idea of the sentiments of the majority of the tribe can be given than the fact that Eskelthesala, whom they once revered, and styled "Capitan Grande," has sunk into insignificance and disrepute among them. Yet, we have some faith in the peaceful professions of most of the leading chiefs, and believe we can ally them to us by treating

them squarely and properly; that is by keeping a respectable number of troops in their country, assisting them to raise crops and live, furnishing them with medicines, and seeing that they stay at home, and do not steal away on expeditions. When all this is done, the Coyoterose may act honestly. Their country is a delightful one, and to their credit be it said, they are passionately fond of it. Go where you will through it, you will find plenty of game, grass, timber and water, with sufficient agricultural land to produce food for thousands of people. They know how to raise corn, wheat and vegetables, at least the women do, and although, of late years, they have had bad luck with their crops, they yet have corn and fodder to sell to the post. We know it to be the fixed opinion of most Arizonians that the Apache cannot be tamed, but proper measures for doing so have never before been taken, and it may be that this opinion will soon be abandoned. We hope so, at all events, for it is cheaper, better for the country to feed and civilize them than it is to fight them, which latter mode of dealing with them has so far proved an expensive, ineffectual way of subduing them. The Coyoterose speak the same language as their friends and our enemies, the Pinalenos and Tontos, and, perhaps the Apache Mohave, which latter tribe is now nominally at peace with us. All being Apaches, they visit each other, intermarry, and get along swimmingly together, so that it looks ridiculous to be at peace with one clan, allow them to become acquainted with our ways and means, while fighting their friends and brothers. Yet, the Coyoterose assert that the other clans are anxious to make peace with us, but the recent murders and robberies committed by them do not look much like it. All Apaches are on good terms with the Zuni and Moquis Indians, and a brisk trade is kept up between them. On the contrary, the powerful Navajo tribe—once part and parcel of the Apache nation, and now speaking the same language, are deadly foes to the Apaches, kill them whenever and wherever they can, and rob them at every opportunity. The Navajos are also the scourge of the Moquis and Zunis, and being brave Indians, all others are afraid of them. But a little while ago a party of these king robbers killed a Coyotero and stole a horse, and soon after, cut down the wheat which the poor Zunis had growing, and packed it away with them. The Coyoterose—male and female—are a hardy, good-looking, intelligent race of Indians. The women are noted for their virtue and industry. The men spend their time in gambling and lazing around, when not out hunting and stealing. They manufacture, from untanned buckskin, very good monte "cards," a pack of which was secured by Dr. Wirtz. They are exceedingly suspicious, superstitious and religious, consequently, have great faith in and reverence

for their medicine men, and "prophets." If memory serves us right, they deposit their dead in caverns in rocks, together with their personal effects. We tried to find out something concerning our near and not very dear neighbors, "*The Pinalenos and Tontos*," but only heard that the Pinalenos could, perhaps, muster 1,500 warriors, which, if true, is bad for us, for they are a villainous set of robbers and murderers.

Monday, September 12—was spent in camp, repairing wagons and shoeing animals. Major Cogswell, who by the way, had all the work of inspecting to do, was kept busy performing that duty. The troops were reviewed early in the morning, and went through the evolutions like veterans, as they were. Col. Stoneman and Dr. Wirtz were not idle, and we are sure that Mr. Kimball busied himself in looking around, watching for chances to enrich himself by furnishing our good Uncle with something he needed. We, actually, had nothing to do, and did it admirably.

Tuesday, September 13, opened brightly upon camp, and we awoke with the first tap of the drum, ate a hearty breakfast and started down the river to look up a new site for a post; that is, Col. Stoneman, Major Cogswell, Major Green, Captain Smith, and all the doctors, went for that purpose, and we accompanied them, so as to be on hand to record any accident that might occur, for there was a steep cañon in front of the new site, whose depth had to be determined, in doing which it was not improbable that some of the officers might fall down and break their necks. The new site gave entire satisfaction to all, and Col. Stoneman accepted it for the future home of his braves. It is on a large, high mesa, 100 feet above the level of the stream, and cannot be other than a healthy location. An

INDIAN POW-WOW,

Was to take place this forenoon, and when our party got back to camp, many big and little Indians were squatted under the trees, near Col. Stoneman's tent, anxious to shake hands with him, and eager to "talk" in their smooth, mild dialect. After the usual presentations were made, Mr. Miguel "took the floor," and addressing himself to Chairman Stoneman, said, in substance, that he was glad to see him; God had made men differently; the white men He made rich; the red, poor, which was all a mistake on Miguel's part. But, he continued, "Last year I made peace with Col. Green, and have been a good man ever since."

Monsieur Eskelthesela spoke next. He commenced by saying he had much to say, and was going to say it, which remark made us feel uneasy, for we were anxious to get on the road, and strike homewards. But he continued, and we were forced to listen to the old barbarian. The veins in his aged neck swelled until they were as large as a man's finger, his mouth opened and he said

he had "heard a good deal about Stoneman, and was glad to see him. God had brought them together to smoke in peace (a gentle hint for some cigarritoes, which were immediately furnished and passed around), and what he (Eskelthesela,) had said or might say, would last." Of course this saying was merely a figure of speech, for neither the old fellow nor any of his tribe understand the art of writing on stone or anything else. Then, in token of his love for the rations of beef that had been given him, he said he "was always glad to get to eat meat, that snow would soon come, and his people would need clothing; once they were rich in horses, mules, asses and cattle, and could trade with the Zunis for everything they needed—powder and lead included—now they were poor, the soldiers and the frost having destroyed their crops, and they wanted assistance, axes, even powder and lead "to kill game with."

Pedro, who appeared to advantage in a clean suit of mantua, commenced in a begging strain. His people wanted more rations, guns, powder, lead and clothing. He declaimed against the Navajos, and wanted them kept on their reservation, or, if that could not be done, leave to fight them and steal from them. He wanted a physician and an Indian agent for his people, and expressed a laudable desire to learn something about two Indians whom he once sent to Tucson with an express, and who, it is said, were massacred near that place. He furthermore said that Ca-Chéis—the Indians call him "Cheis," had visited Col. Green, and was anxious to make peace with the Americans, and that he believed Cheis meant what he had said. He then spoke about the Pinalos, and said that all but one chief were tired of war. Pedro then subsided, and Miguel opened in a new vein. He wanted hoes, axes, and other tools for his people, so that they could till the ground and make themselves comfortable.

This speech pleased Col. Stoneman better than all the rest. He inquired if they (the Chiefs) had said all they desired. They had. Col. Stoneman then commenced by promising to do all he could for Indians who would live in peace with the whites. "God," he said, "wants all people to live together in peace. Away to the East, were myriads of white men, and in one big city, lived the Great Father of all Indians and Americans, (meaning Ulysses) who would do right by both." This appeared to please the reds, who granted their approval. He then said that should the Navajos continue to war upon them he would issue orders to commanders of posts to send their soldiers against the Navajos; advised them to abandon the foolish custom of burning the clothing of Indians who might die, as it would keep them poor and naked; said he would keep on giving

them rations of meat and, perhaps, flour, provided they would remain peaceable and assist the troops in hunting and killing bad Indians; tried to impress them with the idea of the great cost to the government of flour, beef, etc.; promised them seed corn, etc., and hoped that hereafter, they would raise enough grain and vegetables to feed themselves; said the business of the soldiers was to kill bad Indians, and protect citizens, and that if they did not behave themselves, stop stealing from posts and settlements, they would all get killed; in two months, he would be prepared to furnish them medicines, and would also write to Washington, for an Indian agent for them.

The Colonel's talk being ended, Miguel, with fitting words and great tact asked the Colonel what he designed doing with Barbashay, an old and bad Pinal Chief who was then in the guard-house, in a wilted condition. After inquiring about the case, the Colonel asked Miguel what he would like to see done with him. Miguel would not say, further than that the prisoner was in the Colonel's power; that he had been a bad Indian, but, was then, and would be thereafter, incapable of doing harm, for the very good reason that he was in feeble health, and could not possibly live long. Finally, Miguel acknowledged that he wished Barbashay set at liberty, and would go security for his good behaviour in future, if the Colonel demanded it. But, he first wished to give Barbashay "a piece of his mind." In answer to this proposition, Col. Stoneman said, in substance, "I will release him, and if he should choose to keep on fighting, let him do so, and get killed." This pleased the Indians, and they applauded with a vim. After a general handshaking, the conference broke up, we repaired to our ambulances, bade good-bye to friends and started for Camp Goodwin, never stopping until we arrived late in the afternoon, on the banks of that noble stream, the Pricta, or Salt River. Distance traveled, *eighteen miles*, over a very rough country, containing plenty of wood, water and grass. During the night, Paymaster Morrow and Hon. Sylvester Mowry arrived, and told us the news.

Wednesday, September 14.—Crossed Salt River and Natanes range of mountains. Road, today, wound through pine and cedar, over rough trap rock, and steep hills, which made it quite bad. Country delightful. Camped at night on top of hills overlooking the Gila, where, for the first time since leaving Prescott, water and grass were scarce. Made about *twenty-five miles*.

Thursday, September 15.—Made about 20 miles, and arrived at Camp Goodwin about one o'clock in the afternoon, where we found two small companies of troops, commanded by Lieutenants Pollock and Robinson. As usual, nearly every man, woman and child in the garrison were sick with fever, and

Col. Stoneman gave orders for the abandonment of the terrible "Black Hole," as soon as the public property could be removed to Camp Thomas. When this became known, officers and soldiers shook for joy, and the post surgeon, Dr. Baker, felt mighty good. This sickly post has caused the death of many brave men, and it was an act of mercy on the part of the Colonel to abandon it. It is near the Gila river, on a small stream called the Tularosa; is an extensive adobe establishment, and with the beautiful shade trees surrounding it, would be a little paradise, but for the climate, which is hotter than Tophet, and the sickness which attacks all who stay there over night. Near it, on the south and east, are two huge mountains—Graham and Trumbull. Major Cogswell caught the fever, and having to inspect troops, etc., in the hot sun, suffered considerably. Our party met with very kind treatment from the officers and post trader, Mr. Lacy. Mr. Kimball, who had accompanied us from Prescott to this point, and who proved to be a very agreeable companion, left us here, with the intention of going direct to Tucson with Major Morrow.

It commenced raining during the afternoon of the day we reached Goodwin, and continued to do so nearly the whole of the night, which pleased the garrison, the more so as but little rain had descended during the summer months. Before and during the rain-storm, sky and earth were frequently emblazoned with lightning, and peals of thunder reverberated from mountain to mountain. During the afternoon, a black pall overhung the Sierra Blanca country, to the northwest, and the rain must have descended there in torrents. A rainbow—with all its colors—floated in mid air over the Gila mountains, and added new beauties to the gorgeous sky that developed at sunset, when there was a lull in the rain storm and a light breeze drove the black clouds back over the high sierras. Glad were we for being on the south side of the Gila, and for having no large streams ahead of us to cross, for we had before experienced great difficulty in crossing the White Mountain streams, and traveling through the country, during wet weather.

Friday, September 16.—The morning of this day opened cool and clear, and although the previous night had been a pleasant one, for Camp Goodwin, we did not rest well in the adobe buildings; the atmosphere of which was anything but comfortable and refreshing. But good coffee, broiled chicken, and other nice things—furnished by Lieutenant Robinson, induced considerable vigor, and we turned our backs on the feverish spot with unspeakable delight, followed up through the large, rich valleys of the Gila, over a muddy road, for about *thirty miles*, when we encamped within sight of the river, not far from the ancient city known as "Pueblo Viejo." In following the Gila, this day, we passed over

some excellent farming and grazing lands. Cottonwood and mesquite were plenty, and the nutritious beans that had grown upon the latter trees lay thickly strewn upon the ground. As there are those who have never seen mesquite, we will endeavor to describe it. First, then, it is an evergreen, with crooked trunk, which frequently runs up ten and twelve feet without a limb; the branches are quite numerous; the leaves tiny. All over it are numerous thorns, sharp as pins, and stout enough to make themselves felt. It makes the very best firewood and when we take into consideration the valuable beans it bears and the cool shade it affords the weary traveler, the mesquite with all its thorns—is a beautiful, valuable tree. It flourishes best in the vicinity of Tucson, where there are immense forests along the Santa Cruz, but it grows all over Southern Arizona. Cottonwoods, of large size, cover the banks and bottoms of the Gila, and with the green grass, water, etc., form a pleasing contrast to the black hills on either side, that is, at this point, for above it, for over two hundred miles, valleys and hills are clothed with green grass the year round, and timber is more frequently met with on the hills. A short distance below Goodwin, the river wends its way through a great cañon, several miles in length. There is one more cañon above, between Pueblo Biejo and old Fort West, a distance of nearly two hundred miles. In 1866, when we traveled down the Gila, from West to Goodwin, we took particular notice of the country, and think now, as we did then, that the Upper Gila country will yet swarm with industrious whites. Into it empty several large streams—the largest of which is the Bonita, upon which stream, it is said, Chis and his tribe wish to settle and live in peace. The mountains south of the Gila, in this vicinity, are formed of granite, and there is a great deal of float quartz.

Saturday, September 17.—Five o'clock in the morning found us ready to travel; we turned our backs upon the "Sacred Gila," and entering San Simeon Valley, just as the sun was getting out of his blankets, which must have been worn threadbare, or made damp by the recent rains, for the old fire god presented a rather chilly appearance. After traveling about fifteen miles, we reached some water holes, where men and animals rested and refreshed themselves. By this time the sun had grown warm, and as there was not so much as a mesquite tree in sight of camp, in the valley, our little party had to pile close together under the wagons and ambulances. But it did not take the animals long to fill themselves with the rich grasses which grew all over the valley, and after filling the canteens, etc., we hitched up, started, went about fifteen miles and made a "dry" camp. Distance traveled, about thirty miles.

Sunday, September 18, opened bright and beautiful, and we were not long in getting

on the road. As some of our party had been to Camp Bowie, prominent landmarks near that post were pointed out, and we knew that the place was not far off. Col. Stoneman, who was one of the first Americans to travel through this region, recognized the famous Stein's Peak, Cathedral Rock, *Dos Cabezas*, etc. We passed Graham Mountain, which had stuck to us, or, rather, we to it, since leaving Camp Goodwin, and saw between it and the Chiricahua Mountains, a long, narrow valley, through which the route of the 32d parallel railroad passes, and known as Railroad Pass. We soon entered Ewell's, now Apache Pass, and memory reverting to the horrid deeds that had therein been enacted, by Apaches, a feeling of insecurity came over us, and our eyes kept busy watch for the red-skins. The road from San Simeon valley, winds around through a narrow pass or cañon, along the bed of a creek, for some five or six miles, when it ascends rolling hills. Bowie is located upon one of those hills, a little south of the road, and a short distance east of the springs which form the creek. In going up to the post, we passed the ten-stamp quartz mill of the Apache Pass Mining Company, which, for want of water, was then lying idle. It was about 10 o'clock in the forenoon when our ambulances drew up in front of the officers' quarters, and we were quartered as follows: Col. Stoneman and Major Cogswell, with Captain R. F. Barnard; Doctor Wirtz and ourself, with Captain Gerald Russell and Dr. W. H. Smith, and we assure the reader that all fared sumptuously. During the afternoon, Dr. Smith piloted us around the post, and pointed out almost everything that was worth seeing. As the post trader's store of Tully, Ochoa, & Co., was the first institution met with, we entered it, expecting to get maimed or wounded, for we knew that Sydney R. DeLong, one of the firm, who had charge of it, had good reason for not loving us too well. Now, most of our Territorial readers will recollect the fact that Mr. DeLong edited the *Tucson Arizonan* for a long time; that during that time the *Arizonan* and *Mixer* had several wordy encounters; that the *Tucson* paper generally got the best of us, and that's just what we expected would influence Mr. DeLong to "mash" us into pulp. But, luckily, he had gone a short distance from home, and we marched boldly through the premises and partook of the numerous good things offered us by his accommodating and generous assistants. The building—a large adobe—was scrupulously clean, and well filled with everything used by soldiers and citizens. In one room, was as fine a billiard table as any in the Territory, which had been brought all the way from St. Louis, Mo., at considerable cost. Having seen all the sights here, we started down hill. A few steps brought us to the springs, around which a portion of the California Column once had a brisk fight with Indians, for

possession of the water. We believe the head of the column had reached within rifle shot of the water, when it received a volley of bullets and arrows from the Indian column—which was posted on the hill-tops, behind rocks, under the famous chief, Cheis. We do not now recollect more about this fight than that several Americans lost their lives in it, and the whole column was stayed in its onward march until a few howitzers were brought up, placed in position, and Lo, the accursed Indian, shelled out of his fortifications.

Leaving this spot, we soon arrived at the quartz-mill, which presented a very poverty-stricken appearance. There being no covering over the machinery, stamps, dies, engine, etc., were badly rusted, and the whole concern was fast becoming worthless. Instinct led us to the dump pile, where lay about a ton of refuse ore, in pieces of which, our eyes detected several "colors" and small pieces of gold. The ledge crops out of a high mountain not far from the mill, and is, no doubt, a good one. The country rock in the vicinity is limestone, but the greater portion of the Chiricahua range is granite. We were told that the owners of the mill intended to move it to Bear creek—distant four miles—where there is plenty of water the year round. In answer to questions asked a party of Rio Grande Mexicans who were making adobes around the mill, we were told that "colors" of gold had been found in several places in the range; that south of Bowie, the mountain was much higher and covered with large pine trees. "But," said they, "*Los Apaches mucho malo*," which told the whole story, that they were afraid to explore the mountains for richer diggings.

The next thing that attracted our attention was the graveyard, in which reposed the bodies of many persons who had lost their lives in combats with the Apaches; those who had been waylaid and murdered, and a few who had died of disease. Knowing that persons now living have friends buried there, it may be a source of consolation to them to know that the graves of their departed friends at Camp Bowie, are marked with slabs, and that green grass grows upon every mound.

While the Indians of this vicinity are, and have been, the worst on this continent, we must do them the justice to state what has been told us by scores of white men; that they were friendly to Americans until an unlucky circumstance occurred at the fort. Some stock had been stolen, these Indians were accused of the theft, but stoutly denied having done it, and laid the blame upon another and different band. Their assertions were not believed by the officer in charge of the post, who soon after invited several leading Indians to a feast. The Indians went, and while sitting in a tent that had been placed at their disposal, a guard was placed

over them, when all but one—Cheis—found themselves prisoners. Cheis saw the armed guard approaching, and divining what it all meant, quickly drew his knife, cut his way through, and effected his escape. The remainder, among them a young brother of Cheis, were placed in the guard-house. Cheis then gathered the tribe, told them all that had happened, and made them swear vengeance against all Americans. Then commenced that terrible war with the Chiricahua that has desolated southeastern Arizona, and which, for aught we know, is still going on. The Indians repaired to the stations of the Overland Mail Company, captured every white man they could find, took them to a hill overlooking Camp Bowie, where ropes were tied around their necks, one end of each rope being fastened to the pommel of a saddle, for the Indians were all mounted upon good horses. Cheis then informed the commanding officer that unless he released the Indians inside of a certain time, the white prisoners in his hands should suffer death. The officer did not see fit to do as Cheis desired, and at the expiration of the time and a signal from Cheis, the Indians started their horses on a run, the necks of the poor whites were broken, and their bodies dragged over sharp rocks. Such is the tale told by whites who were then, are yet, in the country. From that day to this, Cheis and his tribe have sought and found vengeance, and the numerous graves of white men scattered through the country show how successful they have been. Recently, it was said that Cheis wished to cease war, and it is our earnest hope that a peace with him has ere this been concluded. He is said to be the ablest, bravest, finest-looking Apache now living; is known and has made himself felt all over Northern Mexico, as well as Arizona. Our first and only night at Bowie was passed with pleasure and profit to ourself, and we presume our fellow-travelers passed it likewise. We visited the post trader's establishment—and bearded the lion of the tribe of DeLong in his den, but, instead of scalping us, he attempted to drown us with champagne—which, of course, he found impossible. In a word, Mr. DeLong treated us well, often and kindly, and we shall never again accuse him of having a hankering after Aztec Dictionaries. Having branched out considerably upon Bowie and its surroundings, nothing is now left for us to say but that it is a pretty, healthy, comfortable post, in a fine grazing and farming country, and in the midst of a rich quartz region. When we were there, it was garrisoned as follows: Troop G, 1st Cavalry, Captain R. F. Barnard; K, 3d Cavalry, Captain Gerald Russell. Lieutenant W. H. Winters, 1st Cavalry, was Quartermaster, Lieutenants L. L. O'Connor, Kyle and Whiting were absent. Capt. Barnard, Lieutenants Winters and Cushing have distinguished

themselves fighting Indians. O'Connor and Cushing were after the Reds when we were there. Capt. Russell had not been there long enough to kill any Apaches, but the wounds received in the late war, attest his bravery. The Post Surgeon, W. H. Smith, was formerly stationed at Camp Verde, in this county, and made many inquiries after his old friends there and in Prescott. It was at Bowie that we first heard the news of the downfall of Napoleon III., and great was our astonishment thereat.

Monday, September 19.—Traveled through a splendid grazing country, over an excellent road, and encamped in Sulphur Spring valley, near the base of the Dragon range of mountains, where we found considerable poor water. The grass in the bottoms was quite pointed, so much so that it entered a pair of canvass shoes we wore, and caused us to tread lightly while passing over it. On the high lands the grass was good and plenty. The valley is an extensive one, and will yet be settled. During the time of the great rush to the Burro mines, a couple of men concluded to establish a station on a knoll, near the water, and immediately set to work building stone houses, which were nearly completed, when a quarrel arose between them, and both left the place and their improvements. Distance made, about *twenty-five miles*.

Tuesday, September 20.—Heavy rains having fallen upon the mountain ranges in the vicinity during the afternoon and night of Monday, the air was quite chilly when we awoke this morning, and we fancied ourselves away up in the great ranges of Northern Arizona. Learning that the mail coach for the east had arrived during the night, we sallied forth in quest of news, but learned nothing further than that Lieutenants Cushing and Bourke, with their gallant command, were encamped near Dragon Springs, having just returned there from chasing Apaches. We passed, on the road, a large train of wagons, which were drawn by oxen, belonging to the enterprising firm of Tully & Ochoa, of Tucson. The train was in charge of Mr. Tully, and was on its way to Tucson, with goods which had been purchased in St. Louis, and shipped by rail to Carson, the western terminus of the Kansas Pacific. Arrived about noon, at the Upper Crossing of the San Pedro river, where we rested until about three o'clock, when we traveled on about ten miles, and made a dry camp. Whole distance traveled, about *thirty-five miles*. The wash from the mountains on either side of the road passed over to-day consisted of granite and quartz, and we know of no better section of Southern Arizona in which to prospect for gold, silver, and other minerals.

While stopping at the crossing of the San Pedro, we learned that that river rises in Sonora, in what is known as the Watchuque Mountains, and flows northward towards the

Gila, of which it is a tributary. It is about two hundred miles in length, and upon it are some excellent valleys, which are now being settled and brought under cultivation. The water—of which there is an abundance for purposes of irrigation, etc., runs in a narrow channel nearly all the way from its source to its mouth. The country in which it rises, is said to be a delightful one, heavily timbered with pine, etc., and covered with good grass. The only timber met with on the lower portion of the river is mesquite and cottonwood, but these are quite plenty. The lower bottoms are thickly covered with sacaton grass; the hills adjoining, with gramma, so that besides being a good farming country, it is well adapted to stock-raising. The climate is hot, but not oppressively so. Frost seldom falls. The farmers, of which there are nearly one hundred, between the Upper Crossing and the mouth of the river, plant barley in December and corn in April and May. Rain descends during the summer months, and it rained a little when we were there.

Wednesday, September 21.—Being now distant about 40 miles from Tucson, the temporary capital of our well-beloved Territory, our chief determined upon making the entire distance in one day, so we got an early start, and the road being good and the weather cool, made good time to the Cienega, where we nooned. In going to the Cienega, we passed the place where the red-skins had recently captured a mail, and murdered those who accompanied it. Torn letters and papers were thickly strewn around; freshly made graves, at the heads and feet of which low adobe walls had been built, marked the places where rested the remains of our white brothers, who had been waylaid, and cruelly murdered by bloodthirsty savages. Yet, this was but a repetition of many such similar sights witnessed since striking the main road, and we traveled on, mooting over the dangers incident to a trip through Arizona. We soon reached a fine adobe house, near the crossing of the Cienega, which we found empty, the two men who formerly kept it, having been murdered by Apaches. The house was in a bad position for defense, and the Indians had but little trouble in killing its inmates, entering and plundering it. We had not remained long at this place when three men—an American and two Mexicans—arrived. They informed us that two freight trains—bound for the Burro mines—were coming on, close behind, and that it was their third day out from Tucson. This surprised us; we wondered what had kept them so long on the road, but, so soon as we saw the trains pass, the wonder was that they had made the trip in so short a time. The mules were not much bigger than donkeys, and so thin that daylight could almost be seen through them. They were driven by Mexican teamsters, and had, no doubt, forgotten all about the taste

of grain. With them were several good-looking *senoritas*. Leaving our wagons and escort to come on slowly, the two ambulances—with their human freight—rolled over the road at a rapid pace, and we entered Tucson long before the sun went down. After leaving the Cienega, which is a very long strip of good land, with a fine stream flowing through it, the country passed over in going to Tucson would be a desert but for the good grass that grows upon it. Here, the cactus family reigns supreme, and there are thousands of thorns upon every square yard, wherever the grass has not "choked out" the *chollars* and *saguars*.

As this was our first visit to Tucson, we will endeavor to give our impressions of it; the people who reside there, and the surrounding country. First, then, the town is situated on the Santa Cruz, a small river which rises near and takes its name from the town of Santa Cruz, in Sonora. The houses, of which there are about 400—large and small—are constructed of adobes; that is, the walls are of that material. Timber being scarce in the vicinity, and lumber very dear, the people have had to use the material at hand for roofing purposes, so we found that most, if not all, the roofs in town were made as follows: Rafters, of stout cottonwood or mesquite poles, had, after having been stripped of bark, been placed in position, and covered with long slender poles—either willow or those round, cane-like "fibres" which are split out of the *saguar*. These are covered with a layer of hay, or straw, and over all is placed a thick coating of mud, which, in time, becomes dry and hard, but scarcely ever sufficiently so to prevent heavy rain drops from beating down into it. These drops, in soaking through, mingle with the dirt, and descend upon the inmates, their furniture, clothing, etc., regardless of all consequences. Of course there are some roofs in Tucson capable of turning the heaviest rains, but our observation led us to believe that they were few in number. The dwellings of the poor are whitewashed on the inside; those of the rich are plastered and whitewashed, and, if memory serves us rightly, several of the latter are neatly papered, and richly furnished.

THE STORES,

of which there are a great many, are well finished on the inside; the front walls of many stores on the principal streets are plastered and painted on the outside, so as to resemble brick and stone. Most of them are well filled with goods, which were arranged in a very tasty manner. But we saw no store in Tucson that for size, beauty and finish, excelled the brick establishments of Prescott.

OTHER PUBLIC PLACES.

Dr. Wirtz and ourselves having expressed a desire to visit the priests, Catholic Church, Convent, and Sisters' School, Mr. Peter R. Brady kindly offered his services, and we

sallied forth under his guidance. Arriving at the public square, we entered the dwelling of the only two priests in the Territory of Arizona, and were welcomed by Father Joven: ceau. We next visited the Sisters—seven in number—and after the usual introduction entered into conversation regarding their school, etc. This was on Saturday, and as school was not in session, we did not see the 150 children and young ladies who, we were told, usually attended. We were shown through the school-room, which was large, clean, comfortable, and decently furnished; told how the sisters had arrived in Tucson; poor in purse but rich in purpose; how the good citizens had aided them to build, fit up and start their school, and left to judge for ourselves the success that had attended their efforts to bring up the young in the way they should go, which, we had before learned from others, was great. We then entered the church, a plain, unpretending edifice, without as much as a chair or bench, and with nothing to relieve the eye but the altar, and the usual paintings and pictures seen in churches of this denomination. Here and there we noticed devout women on their knees, imploring God, through His Apostles and Angels, to forgive sins they had been guilty of. The church is yet in an unfinished state, and we learned that it would never have reached this state of advancement, but for the skilled labor performed upon it by Bishop Salpointe.

Leaving the church, we visited the Court House, which, we were informed, cost the county \$17,000. It is a large adobe building, containing court-room, jail, and several offices. In the jail, were incarcerated several criminals, one, a woman, for the murder of her husband. Two men were also there, charged with murder. The cells appeared strong and secure, but Mr. Brady did not trust to them, and told us that he relied more on the savage dogs which we saw running loose about the yard—ready to tear to pieces any prisoner who might escape from a cell. These dogs were raised in the yard, and seemed to understand their business thoroughly. There is a fine hospital in the place, and a splendid two-story flouring mill, belonging to Lee & Scott. The saloons are a feature of the town, although they are not numerous according to the population. Those belonging to F. M. Hodges, C. O. Brown, Levin & Brichta, are fitted up in splendid style, and the lager beer at the latter place was excellent. We noticed the words "ice cream saloon," on one building, and wondered how they managed to make the article without ice. The last census gave the place a population of 3,200, but we believe these figures to be too great by three or four hundred.

THE PEOPLE.

The great majority of the people are Mexicans from New and old Mexico—but we were told

that the place contained quite a number of people—descendants of Mexicans—who were born and brought up on the soil of Arizona. The Americans—of whom we saw quite a number—appeared to be busy, earnest men. One peculiarity about many of them was, that they smoked cigaritos instead of pipes and cigars.

The complaint need to exist that the streets of Tucson were filthy in the extreme, but we did not find them so, and the reason we did not was readily accounted for by the fact that a strong, well-organized chain-gang had been at work upon them for some time past. The main street is very crooked, and in walking or riding through it, one is frequently compelled to go up and down steep hills, the lots having never been leveled off. Upon entering the town, we had some misgivings as to the kind of reception that awaited us from a people whom we had fought and denounced for several years past, and who might be excused for treating us coolly. Yet, we were welcomed and kindly treated by all, and shall hereafter endeavor to repay the kindness bestowed upon us by Col. Lee and lady, G. H. Oury and lady, C. H. Lord and lady, Peter R. Brady and lady, Wm. S. Oury and lady, Gov. Safford, Hon. Coles Bashford, Mr. Dooner, Mr. Wasson, and numerous other ladies and gentlemen. Having seen most of the town, Gov. Safford drove us out among the ranches, and the reader may rest assured that we saw some fine ones, which have produced two crops a year every year of the past century. That of John B. Allen was said to be the best ranch on the Santa Cruz. We were informed that vegetables, of all kinds, grow and flourish the year round.

In addition to being the seat of government of the Territory of Arizona, and the county of Pima, Tucson possesses other advantages, resources and institutions, besides those already mentioned, which have made her the largest town in the Territory, and which, should they remain, will contribute to her further progress. For instance, the depot for supplying government posts in Southern Arizona, is, in the way of rents, etc., worth ten or twelve thousand dollars per month to the town, and the small garrison within her limits is, also, of considerable aid to the people of the place. Then, she drives a good trade with the citizens and soldiers of Southern Arizona; travelers going East and West over the Southern Overland route; also, with the people of Sonora, Mexico. Were it not that the place is unhealthy during the summer months; that it cannot much longer remain the seat of government of Arizona; that it is located in a hot climate, and in a country upon which the eyes of Heaven shed but few tears, we would have high hopes of its continuing—for years to come—the largest, most important city in Arizona. But, with Prescott, Phoenix, Wickenburg, Arizona

City, Ehrenberg and other growing places in view, we cannot but think that Tucson will soon have to yield the palm. The city is now, however, a fixed fact, and if its citizens wish to accelerate its growth and prosperity, they have but to pay more attention to the development of the rich silver mines in the vicinity; and procure more water by means of artesian wells, to irrigate the large and fertile valleys of the Santa Cruz and other streams. Our next visit was to that noble pile—the ancient* church—of San Xavier—which stands near the southern bank of the Santa Cruz, about 9 miles south from Tucson. The road wound through fine ranches, and tall mesquite trees, for about 8 miles, when it entered an open plain, and we got a view of the old church, which, at first, did not impress us as being anything grand. But, Dr. Wirtz and myself were really astonished when we alighted and took a good view of the edifice—both inside and out. We regret, exceedingly, our inability to give a good description of it, but as that has already been done by J. Ross Browne and others, we shall content ourselves with saying that it is of Moorish architecture, and large enough to accommodate a thousand or fifteen hundred persons. The walls are very high, and constructed of brick. The arched roof is of the same material, with the addition of a coating of cement, upon which the elements have made but little impression. The dome rises high above the building, and is a magnificent piece of workmanship, as are, also, the statues that adorn the outer walls, and which are of brick and plaster. The outer face of the front walls have a thick coating of plaster, which was beautified by inserting little black pebbles at suitable distances. Inside, the building presents a dazzling appearance, well calculated to impress the gazer with awe and admiration, and no doubt, its barbaric splendor has at times struck terror into the Indians who formerly worshipped there. Paintings, statues, pictures of winged angels, meet the eye in every direction. But the altar, and the ornamental work above, and upon two sides of it, are what astonishes the beholder. The paintings are not master-pieces, yet they are above an average. Some of the figures are perfect types of beauty. The floor is of cement,—hard and dry—and far superior to any that can be made there at the present day. Service is occasionally held in the old church, for the benefit of the Papagoes and Mexicans living in the vicinity. The building is said to be about 100 years old, and to have been built by the hands of the Jesuit Fathers. The wooden door leading to the vestry-room has the maker's name upon it, and the date 1797, but the church is much older than this door. The bells—of which there are several—bear no date; at least, we failed to discover any. Some of the figures on the outside are fast

going to decay, as are, also, portions of the roof and walls. This decay ought to be stopped, and the grand old edifice preserved in all its splendor.

Sunday, September 25.—General Stoneman and his brother officers having got through with their business, at Tucson, we started about three o'clock, on the afternoon of this day, made about *twenty* miles, and encamped near the base of the large mountain northeast of town. The country passed over was not such an one as we should desire to reside in. We saw no water, and but very little grass. Mesquite trees were plenty; so, also, were those ornaments of the desert—*chollars* and *saguars*—the latter the largest specimens of the genus we had ever seen, some of them having been upwards of thirty feet in height. But, the drive was a pleasant one, for it brought to view many curious sights, prominent among which was the "Picacho," a lone, queer looking peak which stands to the westward of Tucson, and can be seen for a long distance from the east, the west and the north. It was late in the night, when the order to camp was given. Animals were soon freed from their trammels, a sentinel was posted, when the whole party rolled into their blankets to sleep and rest. We, foolishly, threw away the mattress which had been of so much service to us since our departure from Prescott, and, without sufficient covering, stretched ourself out in Col. Stoneman's ambulance, upon a camp-stool and two cushions. A stiff breeze soon came up from the south; we felt quite chilly, but laziness prevented us from reaching out after more blankets, and we arose, next morning, in a battered condition, from the pains which shot through our bones. We had contracted a bad cold, and a worse ague, which latter still sticks to us. But, we were not the only person that "caught it" on that night. Lieutenants Cushing and Bourke, two gallant young officers—came out from Tucson to see Colonel Stoneman about going after Cheis. The Colonel, Major Cogswell and Dr. Wirtz got out of their beds, and while the conversation was going on, Col. Stoneman got chilled "through and through," and, of course, acquired as good a title to ache and shake as that which we had, so that from that time on Major Cogswell, who took the ague at Camp Goodwin, had plenty of shaky assistants. From that night on, we suffered terribly, and but for Dr. Wirtz, all three of us would have "pegged out" on the hot desert.

Monday, September 26.—We got a very early start, and soon rounded the point of the mountain, when the country changed for the better, it being more elevated. The difference between the north and south sides of the mountain was, indeed, great. On the south, it looked bare and barren. On the north, grass of good quality was plenty; trees were visible on the mountain, and along

the bed of *Canyon del Oro*, a small stream which drains the mountain, and, it is said, contains gold in paying quantities. We stopped awhile, to graze and water the animals, near the spot where a large party of Indians had, some time previous, attacked the train of Tully & Ochoa, killed several of the teamsters, captured most of the animals and robbed the wagons. In all our rambles through the Territory, we have never seen a more suitable place for Indians to fight in their peculiar way. The formation being granite, ledges of that rock rise up at convenient distances for about two miles. These ledges are sufficiently high to hide Indians from persons ascending the hill, and if the red men were driven from behind one ledge, a few jumps would place them safely behind another, when they could fire upon their victims without danger to themselves. But a little while ago, at this place, a party of savages blazed away at Major Morrow, of the Pay Department, U. S. Army, while he was on his way to Camp Grant accompanied by Sylvester Mowry and a small escort of troops, and might have killed and captured the little party had it not been for the men of a train that was in camp close by. Men and animals having rested and refreshed themselves, we were soon again in motion, and moved slowly, up hill, past the graves of the men who had lost their lives in the fight we have spoken of. Our road led through an open, grassy country for about 20 miles, when it entered a very ugly cañon, with sandy bed, and precipitous walls. While passing through this dangerous rent in the mountain, our eyes kept busy watch for Apaches, but none were there to interfere with our passage, which was lucky for us, as ten Indians could prevent the passage of an entire company of men. We got through it at last, crossed the San Pedro and were soon in the garrison, where we met a cordial reception from the officers. Resting places were soon assigned us, a good supper indulged in, after which the evening was passed in discussing Military and Indian affairs, until we were admonished to retire to sleep.

Tuesday, September 27.—was spent at Grant, and a busy, hard day it was for Colonel Stoneman and Major Cogswell, who had lots of business to attend to, and who had suffered from sickness the previous night. Early in the morning, the troops assembled on the parade ground where they were closely inspected and put through various maneuvers by Major Cogswell. This being done, the work of inspecting quarters, Commissary and Quartermaster's stores began, and was not ended until late in the afternoon. While this was being done, we took a ride to the company gardens, on the San Pedro, and were shown through them by Captain Netterville. They were the finest, best cultivated gardens we had seen in the Territory, and officers and

men were justly proud of them. Tomatoes, onions, beets, cabbages, carrots, etc., were there in abundance, and of such size as to astonish those who beheld them, as well as to force upon them the knowledge that the soil of the San Pedro bottoms was extremely rich and fertile.

GRANT

Stands upon high ground, in the delta formed by the San Pedro and Arivipa rivers. The houses are of adobe; the climate is hot and sickly. We believe the post was formerly known as "Buchanan." It is in the heart of the Pinal-Apache country, and some effective scouts have been made from it by Captain Netterville and other officers. Pinal and Saddle Mountains, two noted landmarks, are within plain view of the post. When we were there, it was garrisoned by three small companies, and the following named officers—

Captain I. R. Dunkelberger, 1st Cavalry, Commanding Post. First Lieutenant John D. Hall, Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A., Post Surgeon. Captain W. McC. Netterville, 21st Infantry. First Lieutenant V. M. C. Silva, 21st Infantry. First Lieutenant T. F. Riley, 21st Infantry. First Lieutenant A. J. Garrett, 1st Cavalry. Second Lieutenant George R. Bacon, 1st Cavalry, A. A. Q. M., A. C. S., and Acting Post Adjutant. Acting Assistant Surgeon W. B. Dods. First Lieutenant H. B. Cushing, 3d Cavalry, and Second Lieutenant John G. Bourke, 3d Cavalry, were on detached service.

Wednesday, September 28.—We got an early start from Grant, and were making good time up the cañon, when it was discovered that the teamsters had forgotten to draw forage for their animals. Word was sent back, and the necessary forage arrived in about an hour, when we bade adieu to Captain Netterville, and Lieutenants Riley and Garrett, who had accompanied us thus far. The hour was spent by Colonel Stoneman in talking with Captain Netterville about the new post which the Captain, with Lieutenants Silva and Garrett, Company "E," 21st Infantry, and "K" troop, 3d Cavalry, were about to start on Mineral Creek, near Pinal Mountain, and which is now established. After going about 35 miles, over a country in which there was not a drop of water, but plenty of grass, we encamped late in the night, and slept a little while the animals were being fed. On the way, we passed two or three places where white men had been killed by savages, and saw the graves of the murdered men. Distance traveled, about 35 miles.

Thursday, September 29.—We were up and away long before daylight and soon reached the Gila river, at Florence, when men and animals slaked their thirst, which was great, as we had made about 53 miles without water. The bottoms of the Gila, at this point, are large, and the soil very productive. Cottonwood and Mesquite were thick. Fine

farms, and substantial adobe houses were seen on every side, and we could not help feeling pleased at once more beholding these evidences of civilization. Thomas R. Ewing, who owns the finest ranch at this place, was very kind to us. He informed us that most of the river bottoms for 30 or 40 miles, were settled and under cultivation. The Gila furnishes plenty of water for purposes of irrigation, and the rule is to raise two crops a year. It was late in the afternoon when we started from Florence, and crossed the Gila, on our way to Camp McDowell. Twenty miles were soon passed, and we lay down on the desert to rest, having made, with our mornings' journey of 18 miles, a distance of 38 miles.

Friday, September 30.—Got an early start, and reached the Upper Crossing of Salt river about noon, crossed it and rested near a farmhouse. While approaching the river, we got a fine view of the immense valley in which stands the town of Phoenix, and in which are many of the finest ranches in Arizona. We had friends there whom we would have gone to see but for the fever and ague which was preying upon us. Salt River, or Rio Salado, as some call it, is, next to the Colorado, the largest stream that flows near or through Arizona. The water was low when our party crossed it, yet it was with some difficulty we made the trip. The wash, in its bed, and on its banks is made up, principally, of granite and quartz boulders, which strengthened our belief that the stream passes through mineral bearing regions, above in Central Arizona. Three years ago there were not to exceed ten settlers upon this portion of the river; to-day, there are nearly 300, and the population is rapidly increasing. Scores of miles of ditches to convey water for irrigating, have been constructed, and the place is really the granary of Northern Arizona. Soon as the heat, which had been intense, became less, we took up the line of march for Camp McDowell, where we arrived about 8 o'clock in the evening. On the march we passed some immense ruins. The road, from Salt river to McDowell, follows the west bank of the Verde, one of the largest and prettiest streams in the Territory, and upon which the post is located. Mesquite, Palo Verde, Cottonwood, and other trees were plenty in the vicinity, but grass was scarce, save on the river bottoms. The post itself is, we think, the finest in the Territory. The houses, of which there are a great number, are of adobe, well ventilated and scrupulously clean, as, indeed, was the large parade ground, and every place and thing in and about the post. It has, for a long time past, been commanded by that brave officer, Colonel G. B. Sanford, who, with his noble troop, has inflicted many telling blows on the Apaches. The other officers of the post were Captain Moulton, Lieut. Veil, C. De Witt, Surgeon, and Field Surgeon D. J. Evans. Troops—"C" and "E," 1st Cavalry, and "A," 21st

Infantry. The sutler's store of W. B. Hellings & Co. is the finest, best stocked establishment of the kind in the Territory, and its proprietors, Messrs. Hellings & Grubb, are gentlemen in every sense of the term.

The four peaks, which so many of our prospectors have seen from a distance, are not far from McDowell, and though they look barren and forbidding, Colonel Sanford assured us that he had found pine timber, and water, in valleys, between the peaks. He and his troopers once surprised a rancharia up there, and killed several of its inmates.

The ranks of the two Cavalry companies were nearly full, and a finer lot of men are not to be found in the Territory. Captain Collins' Infantry company was very small, but every man in the company was a veteran. All the troops went through their drill in a very creditable manner. We missed seeing a Cavalry guard-mount, and were sorry for it, as Dr. Wirtz informed us that it was "splendidly done," by men and horses.

Saturday, October 1st.—Since crossing the Upper Gila, we had traveled upon old and good roads, but now, we were about to take a new "road," over portions of which a vehicle of any sort had never passed. Therefore, we called upon Colonel Stoneman quite early, to learn the news. It was not very encouraging. He read us a letter from Colonel Frank Wheaton, who had reconnoitered the route, and gave, in the letter, his opinion, that Colonel Stoneman would find it impossible to take his ambulances over the route. This fell on us "like a wet blanket." But, Stoneman said he would see whether or not he could make it. This suited us, as we were exceedingly anxious to get a breath of mountain air, and to see pine trees again. Our old and reliable escort, teamsters, wagons and teams, were ordered to turn back to Salt River, and take the road *via* Phoenix and Wickenburg, to Whipple, which they did. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon, the two ambulances were in readiness, we jumped in and followed a small escort. We made about ten miles that afternoon, through a poor-looking country, and camped for the night.

Sunday, October 2d.—Made an early start; were, soon after starting, joined by Col. Sanford, Mr. Grubb, and some cavalrymen. Reached Cave creek in about 10 miles travel; found plenty of wood, water and grass; rested a few hours, and put out again for next camp—New River—distant about ten miles, where we arrived late at night, very much fatigued, for the road had been rough and hilly. We found plenty of water in the stream, and refreshed ourselves.

Monday, October 3.—Made about ten miles to-day, over a rather rough road, and encamped on the east bank of the Agua Frio, within plain view of the mouths of Black Cañon or Turkey creek, and the big, black cañon of the Agua Frio. After dinner, Capt.

Sanford, Mr. Grubb, and a few cavalrymen, started up the mountain to search for the men of Company F, 12th Infantry, who, we knew, were close by, building a road. The Captain missed the men and their camp, in going up the mountain, and kept on until he reached the Agua Frio, where he got directions regarding their whereabouts. He then returned, found them, and arrived in camp early next morning, with the news, which was, if anything, more discouraging than that contained in the letter of Col. Wheaton. But Stoneman had reconnoitered the mountain, the previous evening, and knowing not the word fail, he gave orders for the wagon to return to Camp McDowell; also, to lighten up the ambulances as much as possible, and hitch up. The ambulances were lightened and we started up Black Canyon, over a rough road, which, however, was nothing in comparison to what we afterwards encountered. When just about ready to commence the ascent of the mountain, Sergeant John Powers, of E. Troop, First Cavalry, and one private, made their appearance. The Sergeant was on his return to meet Colonel Stoneman, with an answer to a dispatch the Colonel had sent Capt. Brown, commanding Camp Verde. His story was short. He and his companion had ridden about one hundred miles in fourteen hours, and lost one man on the way, who became deranged, and rode off in search of water. The Sergeant followed him, and found his horse, which had been stripped of saddle and bridle. When he found the man's horse thus stripped, he gave the man up for lost, and started on. This occurred near the Agua Frio. We afterwards found the man's saddle and bridle, and the man himself, who said he had been chased by Indians, which was all in his imagination. After thanking the Sergeant and his companion for the long, swift ride they had made, Stoneman led the way, and we started in climbing, and such climbing! Why, a California packer would not have attempted to drive his pack-train over such a mountain. But, it was the best we could do, and on we went, "slow like a snail," over great, rough trap boulders, some of which were as large as an ambulance. Now and then, the animals had to be unhitched, and the ambulances pulled up by means of ropes. Oh! it was trying on nerves. Our poor nerves gave out early in the day, and leaving officers and men to "do their duty, nobly," we crawled to camp, where we found Lieutenant King, Dr. Soule, and other friends, who gave us something to eat and drink, and a good bed to shake in. It was about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, when we got over our shake and fever, and thinking our party ought to be near port, we started out to hail them, if in sight. They were in sight, and soon landed on the summit, tired and hungry, after their hard day's work,—a

day that had told fearfully on men and animals. Capt. Brown having arrived from Camp Verde, during the afternoon, with a pretty fair escort, Colonel Stoneman thanked Captain Sanford and his men for well performed services, and, in the kindest manner possible, ordered the Captain to turn back to his post. We then started on over a ten-mile mesa, that would have been level, but for the great number of hard-headed, hard-hearted nigger-head boulders, which made the ride very unpleasant. We made a dry camp, and all, save the sentinels, slept as soundly as ever tired men slept.

Tuesday, October 4.—We got up early, and having left the trap behind us, we traveled at a good gait over a nice granite road. Arriving at the Agua Frio, we stayed a few hours, hitched up again, and drove to Lerty's place, where we encamped all night. Distance traveled, about twenty miles. Mr. Lerty and Mrs. Branaman contributed liberally to our mess, and we had a glorious time eating pies and eggs, luxuries to which we had, for some time past, been strangers. Since leaving Black Canop, the air had been quite chilly, which rather pleased us, after our long spell of suffering down south.

It was about ten o'clock, on the morning of the 5th of October, when we alighted at Colonel Stoneman's tent, near Fort Whipple and Prescott, and were welcomed back by Lieutenant E. W. Stone, who appeared as glad to see us back safe, as we were to see him, and our own beautiful country, a coun-

try we would not trade for any we had seen in our ride of about 800 miles, through Arizona, notwithstanding that we had seen and passed through some beautiful regions.

In conclusion, we wish to state our belief, that no State or Territory on the Pacific slope offers greater inducements to labor and capital—than badly abused, illy treated, neglected Arizona, and that, as soon as both these needed elements shall have found their way within her borders, the progress she will then make; the wealth she will then contribute to the world, will be as great if not greater than California. But, croakers may say, "the day is far distant when the resources of Arizona shall have become available." We think not, for despite all the drawbacks from Indian wars, isolation, and partial failure to work mines, Arizona has progressed—is progressing. Possessing, as she does, vast forests of timber, an immense area of the best pastoral land in the world, a fair quantity of rich agricultural land, pure water, fine, healthy climate, rich and extensive mineral resources, and, last, but not least, the key to the Pacific—(for through her Territory are the only practicable routes for the great railroad that are soon to be built from the Atlantic and Gulf States to those of the Pacific), we think—and the thought does not appear to be an extravagant one—that in less than ten years from to-day, Arizona will have sufficient wealth and population to entitle her to enter the Union as a full and equal partner.

